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## A Word about the Athenæum.

It is a pity that no one reads the musical articles in the *Athenæum*—it is a pity, because the “fine spirit of independence” with which they are imbued might work miracles for the progress of art and the morality of artists. But a man may soliloquize for a week with no other result than making himself hoarse—and a critic, whose criticisms are unread, may criticise till he is blind, without benefit to any one but the stationer, who sells him goose-quill, ink, and foolscap. The musical critic of the *Athenæum* is in this position. We have many friends who subscribe to the *Athenæum*, but we never yet conversed with one who was aware, till we informed him, that the *Athenæum* devoted any portion of its columns to musical matters. This is the more lamentable, since the “fine spirit of independence” finding no outlet from the circumscribed limits of its solitude, blows back upon the critic, who is compelled, in self-defence, to swallow his own sentences. That he should throw them up again is not astonishing—for their morality is a pill, their sentiment an emetic. We have read the musical articles of the *Athenæum* for the last seven years, and confess to have derived much advantage from their perusal. But the advantage has been much of the same sort as that which accrued to St. Simeon Stylites, who sat so many years upon a column, an emblem of patient suffering—worshipped for his zeal, but imitated by nobody. So with us—our friends and acquaintances were astonished at our endurance, but declined to follow our example. We could get no one to read the articles by any amount of persuasion. In vain we vaunted their “independence,” in vain we apostrophized their originality, our entreaties were spent upon the air. We quoted passages from the poem of *Conti*, but to no purpose—we read extracts from the novel of *Pomfret*, but they only provoked a yawn—we adduced *Music and Manners in Germany*, but were referred to the notice in the *Atlas*—we remonstrated, in language of glowing eulogy, but our eloquence evaporated in smoke. Being constitutionally obstinate, we were nothing shaken in our own particular faith, but read and read till we almost had the vision of a meaning—but this quickly vanished into darkness, “drunk up by thirsty nothing.”

The qualities we wish to insist upon in the *Athenæum* articles are, independent criticism, and moral sincerity. These might have escaped us in their misty winding-sheet of words and periods—but we are used to the schoolmen, have read St. Thomas Aquinas, and can understand anything. Lest our tirade should run the risk of being voted unmeaning, like the articles in our critic *incompris*, who, for want of readers, is compelled to “waste his sweetness on the desert air,” let us produce a recent example of the “mixture” of independence and moral rectitude that entitles him to our approval. It is well known that the *Musical World* gave a concert on the 8th

of July to its subscribers and the public—it is well known, for those who do not read the *Athenæum* read the *Musical World*. That this was a sacrifice of independence of opinion is the honest notion of our critic, who speaks as follows:—

“When the Editor of a critical periodical, to render his journal attractive, lays himself under heavy pecuniary obligations to those whom he criticises—as in the case before us—what chance is there of his duty to art being performed without fear or favour? What prospect have his readers of getting at the truth with regard to any musician likely to offer, or to withhold a contribution towards the programme?”

The “heavy pecuniary obligations” established—of which the critic has so good an opportunity of being informed—no one can subvert the cogency of this. As well might the critic of the *Athenæum* invite the artists whom he criticises to his private residence, and there induce them to sing and play, *gratis*, for the amusement of a party of his friends. Of course, he never did any such thing. True, some curious persons might venture to ask, however, why Miss So-and-so is the greatest singer in the world—why Mr. So-and-so is the greatest composer in the world—and many other equally silly questions, induced by the invariable strain of eulogy in which the *Athenæum* critic indulges, when speaking of certain artists and their performances. But no one would dream of suggesting that it was because they sang and played at the critic’s musical parties, before the critic’s friends, for nothing—thereby laying the critic under “heavier\* pecuniary obligations” than those incurred by the *Musical World*. Of course, no one would dream of such a thing—or “what chance would there be of the critic’s duty to art being performed without fear or favour—and what prospect would he have of getting at the truth with regard to any musician likely to offer, or to withhold, a contribution towards the programme” of his evening entertainment? *Huc accedit*—the venality of the *Musical World*, and the improbability of the *Athenæum* emulating its example established, we may go on with what follows:—

“It is ill done in the great artists (however the small ones may be excusable, their need making them liable to temptations) to lend themselves to such proceedings. Their avidity for praise in print is satisfied at a heavy cost, if it imply the loss of public confidence; and though it may be expecting superhuman virtue to ask of Editors to deny themselves immediate profit on the *hand-to-mouth system* when their victims are so willing, it is not overstrained to expect that musicians having a European reputation should provide for the independence of their class by respecting that of others.”

This is obscure enough for an oracle. One thing, nevertheless, we can pick out of it—that the musical editor of the *Athenæum* is endowed with SUPERHUMAN VIRTUE, since he “denies himself immediate profit on the *hand-to-mouth system*,” or he would hardly have the coolness to upbraid a cotemporary for the contrary. This still further establishes the im-

\* Private soirées are more profitable to artists than public concerts, and, consequently, in exercising their abilities at them *gratis*, they make a larger sacrifice.

probability of evening parties given by the critic at his house, where the artists sang and played for nothing, which could not have occurred without a contradiction between principle and action—an unlikely thing in one superhumanly virtuous. But to proceed:

"The miserable state of matters in Paris—openly avowed and lamented by every person with whom we have conversed on the subject,—the notorious instances of distinguished artists beset by journalists for direct subsidies,—OF OBSCURE MEN, WHOSE MERIT EXCEEDS THEIR MEANS, UNABLE TO GET ONE SINGLE UNBOUGHT WORD OF RECOGNITION,—ought to be remembered, as a warning, by our Moscheles', Benedicts, &c. &c. They are doing their best for the annihilation of impartial criticism by playing at the 'Grand Concert of the Musical World.' But they will not succeed;—if the artists will not save themselves, the public must step in and save them."

We must avow, in despite of our advocacy of his merits, that the tail of our critic's philippic is weak—it hath no muscle in it. We will skip the words displayed in italics, which, if intended to convey an insinuation against ourselves, we spit upon *en passant*—and conclude with a remark or two upon the following section of the paragraph: "*of obscure men, whose merit exceeds their means, unable to get one single unbought word of recognition.*" No reader of the *Musical World* will apply this reproach to the rule of conduct it has adopted from the commencement of its career to the present moment? No—it has been its pride to drag forward modest merit from obscurity—it has been its boast to support the ill-treated and neglected artist, whose champion it has ever been, whose champion it shall ever be. The *Athenæum* cannot make this boast. It has notoriously, ever since it devoted its attention to musical matters, done its utmost to place obstacles in the path of every unknown artist of merit, native or foreign; but more especially native. It has withered by sneers where it should have cheered by smiles, it has kicked and turned adrift where it should have caressed and fostered. We appeal to the musicians of England—we appeal to those who, by hard struggling against the pricks and thorns of circumstance with which their way has been thickly strewn by such country-haters, such name-worshippers, as our critic, whether what we have uttered be not true. If necessary, we can adduce proofs, for we have but to refer to our bound volumes of the journal. We there can point out, through a long career of vacillating policy, how every young artist of merit has been underrated, if not unnoticed, until by force of a greater power than that possessed by himself, the bud of promise has expanded into mature bloom, and the critic of the *Athenæum* has been compelled to admit the talent which he at first, in ignorance, denied. We speak thus gravely of the feeling only that has prompted the course of this writer; his criticism, now that we are serious, is hardly worth consideration, since it has not the shallowest acquaintance with the mooted subject to give it weight or influence.

In regard to our concert, we are proud to consider the assistance accorded us by the artists whose names adorned the programme, as a mark of personal regard—for, with the majority of them, we are happy enough to be on terms of the most friendly intimacy. Let the *Athenæum* project a concert on the same scale, and what a failure would it end in! Excuse us, reader, for beginning in a joke, and ending in earnest—the subject was scarcely worth a notice.

### Carlotta Grisi.

LIVERPOOL, Dublin, and Manchester, have united in pronouncing the beautiful Carlotta the queen of the dance—the first of ballerines—the most intellectual, as well as the most agile of the daughters of Terpsichore. On the 4th of August, Carlotta will be once more in London.

### A Retrospective Glance.

(Continued from our last.)

A VERY agreeable concert was given on Monday evening, June 22nd, in the Hanover Square Rooms, by Madame CLAIRE HENNELLE, the vocalist, and Madame BOMPIANI, a pianist, before a very crowded and elegant auditory. Made. Bompiani performed three pieces—the *Lucia di Lammermoor* of Prudent, a duet by Osborne and De Beriot, with Signor Emiliani, the violinist, and the *Tarantella* of Döhler. The first *morceau* over-taxed the fair pianist's mechanical force; such a piece of incoherent rambling can only be rendered tasteful by consummate faultlessness of execution; it was therefore ill chosen. The duet with Signor Emiliani, however, was a spirited performance on both hands, and there was no fault to find with Döhler's *Tarantella*, which Made. Bompiani played capitally, deserving all the warm plaudits that she received. Made. Hennelle sang three solos—a popular air from the *Niobe* of Pacine, the *Cantique de Noel*, by Adolph Adam, accompanied by Jules de Glimmes on a new instrument of the concertina-species called the *Melodium*, and Dessauer's pretty *Bolero* romance, "*Ouvrez, ouvrez*"—in the first, Made. Hennelle developed a clear and brilliant execution, united to a graceful use of Italian ornaments of expression—in the second, a charming employment of the *Cantabile*, and great purity of sentiment, were observable—and in the last, that agreeable vivacity and playfulness which distinguishes French songs and French singers, and which Made. Hennelle possesses in great perfection. The complete success with which this charming vocalist attempted three styles so entirely opposite, proved her a most accomplished artist, and one in all respects deserving of the fast increasing popularity which she has acquired in this country. Each of her efforts was applauded with unanimity, and Made. Hennelle had every reason to be pleased with her reception. Among the other points worthy especial notice of this concert, must be mentioned the violoncello performances of Signor Casella, an artist of refined taste and great command of mechanism—and moreover exhibiting a tone in passages of *Cantando* of unusual purity and fullness; Signor Casella was received with great applause, and loudly encored in his first *morceau*. M. Godefroid, in his sparkling *Danse des Fées*, one of the most attractive compositions for the harp, received his never failing encore. Among the vocalists two *bassi* highly distinguished themselves—Signor Felice Planque and Signor Ciabatta. Signor Planque has a splendid voice and a manly unaffected style, which were manifested to advantage in the scene, "*In felice*," from Verdi's *Ernani*. Of Signor Ciabatta we have already spoken in eulogistic terms, and on this occasion he reaped a golden harvest of good opinions, by his clever singing in a scene from the *Bravo* of Mercadante. The other vocalists were Mlles. Bockholtz and De Rupplin, Made. Knispel, Miss Messent, and Signor Brizzi, who were very successful in a variety of solos and concerted pieces. Signor Pilotti made a most admirable accompanist and labored with unceasing zeal at his vocation. Altogether we must congratulate the charming Made. Hennelle and her promising colleague, Made. Bompiani, on having given one of the pleasantest evening concerts of the season.

On Monday, June 29th, MADAME D' EICHTHAL, a harpist of considerable talent, gave a *matinée* before a fashionable audience, in the Harley Street Rooms. A fantasia by Parish Alvars, a solo anonymous, and two duets with Herr Drechsler, the violoncellist, and Signor Emiliani, the violinist, displayed Made. D' Eichthal's talent very favourably, and won for her the warm approval of the audience. The other instrumental



piece was a violoncello-solo, excellently played by Herr Drechsler, and the rest of the programme consisted of vocal pieces by Mdles. Vera, De Rupplin, Stoepel, and Lang; Signori Ciabatta and Marras, with M. M. Benedict and Muhlenfeldt, for the conductors.

At a *soirée* given by Mr. HENRY WYLDE on Friday, June 12th, at the residence of Charles Fox Esq., of Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, several compositions of that excellent young artist were given, which were most favourably received by a brilliant and fashionable company. As we trust to have many re-hearings of these works, we shall content ourselves here with merely naming them, accompanying our catalogue by a general fiat of approval due to their musician-like character. They consisted of a grand sonata in F minor, which was admirably executed on the pianoforte by Mr. F. B. Jewson—two German songs, "*Des Mädchens Bütte*" and "*Hoffnung's*," both of which were charmingly sung by Mdle. Schloss—and a rhapsody (why so called we cannot say, since it was remarkably intelligible and clear) for the pianoforte solo, capitably executed by the composer himself. Mr. Henry Wylde is a good pianist as well as a good composer, and proved his quality in the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven, with the admirable violinist, Sainton—in Hummel's military *septet*, assisted by MM. Sainton (violin), Wells (flute), Wilson (clarinet), Hausmann (violinello), Bull (basso), and Harper (trumpet)—and in an *air varié* of great difficulty by Liszt, besides the rhapsody above mis-named. Besides solos by Sainton and Hausmann on the violin and violoncello, there was a variety of pleasing vocalities by Miss Bassano, the Misses Williams, Herr Pischek, Messrs. J. Bennett and Bódla. Mr. Wylde, senior, and Mr. H. Brinley Richards presided as accompanists at the pianoforte with great efficiency. Between the two parts of the concert there was a superb collation; and after the concert a supper, and after the supper a ball—the whole presented in a style of magnificence and good taste, worthy the well-known judgment and hospitality of Mr. Charles Fox, the excellent host.

A line must record the fourth concert of that excellent institution, the Royal Academy of Music, which occurred on Saturday morning, June 20th, in the Hanover-square Rooms. The only novelties were the *Allegro, Andante, and Scherzo* of a symphony MS. by Mr. Henry Wylde, in which were evinced much fancy, pleasing melody, good musicianship, and infinite promise of future excellence—and a clever MS. scena, by J. Thomas, well written, though somewhat *à la Weber*—no great fault by the way—and expressively sung by Mr. Weatherbee. Miss Byrne, a pianist of promise, played the *Adagio et Rondo* from Weber's concerto in E flat, with success—and Miss Lawrence, another pianist, pupil of Mr. Dorrell, one of our most brilliant performers, and a professor of high standing in the institution, in the first movement of Moscheles' fine concerto in E major, won great favor from the audience. Mr. H. Hill (King's scholar), a pupil of M. Sainton, created quite a furor in De Beriot's *Adagio et Rondo Russe*, for the violin, evincing equally his own aptitude and genius for the instrument, and the admirable method of his accomplished instructor. Besides the above, there were madrigals, choruses, duets, and other vocal pieces, by Misses Cheesman, Stewart, Bridle, D'Ernst, Ransford, Salmon, Solomon, Duval, and A. Romer, Messrs. Herbert, Weatherbee, and Watts—delivered with various success—and Mr. Baly and Mr. E. B. Harper played Beethoven's sonata for piano and horn, very neatly and effectively. Mr. Lucas conducted, and M. Sainton officiated as principal violin. The room was crowded, and the Earl of Westmoreland was among the audience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Madame Pleyel and the Musical World Concert.

WE resume, with pleasure, the flattering notices of our contemporaries of the press, relative to our first attempt at an annual concert. Such kind words as we cite below, and from such high authority, will serve as an antidote to the venom of certain of our ill-wishers, who are haters and fearers of independent opinion, and healthy and unbiassed criticism. Our first extract is from the

### John Bull.

THE musical fever, which has raged for the last three months, has almost subsided. The only public concert of the week has been that given on Wednesday morning, by the proprietors of The Musical World, in imitation of the principal musical journals of Paris. To this concert (announced as being annual) the subscribers were admitted gratuitously, and the public on very moderate terms. It was, beyond comparison, the best morning concert of the season, and was entirely successful, the great Hanover-square room being crowded in every part. The instrumental music consisted of Beethoven's ninth quartet, in C, performed (it is needless to say how) by Sainton, Sivioli, Hill, and Rousselot; old Sebastian Bach's fine pianoforte concerto, accompanied by two flutes and a double quartet of stringed instruments, the principal part of which was played by Moscheles; and two of Beethoven's sonatas for the pianoforte and violin, performed by Madame Pleyel, the one with Sivioli, and the other with Vieuxtemps. Nothing could be more exquisite than the execution of these two beautiful and classical works, which were listened to with delight, and called forth the most vehement applause. This gifted lady will now leave England, having convinced the amateurs that she is thoroughly conversant with the works of the great classics, and as unrivalled in the art of interpreting them, as she is in the art of clothing the productions of the modern florid school with beauties beyond the reach of their composers themselves. The vocal music was of the same classical character: Two of Mozart's great cantatas, with obligato accompaniments—"Non temer," and "Resta, O Cara,"—were sung, the one by Madame Thillon, and the other by Miss Dolby. A very fine Italian song, "Ah, non lasciarmi," composed by Mr. Macfarren, was exceedingly well sung by Madame Macfarren; and Miss Dolby was deservedly encoined in Mr. J. W. Davison's song, "Swifter far than summer's flight," from his Vocal Illustrations of Shelley. There were several other pleasing performances, and the whole concert gave the highest satisfaction to the audience.

Our next is from the learned columns of

### The Atlas.

"One, at least—if not more—of the musical journals of Paris has, long since, adopted the plan of giving an annual concert to its subscribers—partly, we presume, because it is good commercial policy, and partly because a musical periodical of influence and respectability, from its exclusive connection with art and artists, finds in a concert the best possible form of bowing acknowledgment for the patronage of its readers. The scheme answers, in Paris, to universal satisfaction, and the *Musical World* of London has seen fit to follow the example:—the proprietors having fulfilled their promise of a gratuitous concert to their subscribers on Wednesday morning, at the Hanover-square Room. Had the *Musical World* no other claims to urge, the fact that, in this great country it is the only periodical solely devoted to an advocacy of what is good in musical art, must entitle it to respect. Its pleading, indeed, is not free from blemishes;—we might desire to find it more temperate in its handling of some subjects, more catholic in its views of others: but in the main, no one can fail to perceive in it the true artist spirit, striving to uphold everything great and enduring, no matter how presently unfashionable—to discourage everything puny and ephemeral, no matter how petted by current prejudice. It is, besides, strong, urgent, and eloquent in its way; it has oftentimes done much needful service, and, with a watchful eye to the many pitfalls that yawn in the road of art-journalism, may yet act a far more important part. The public's opinion, however, of the *Musical World*, and its concert, might be fitly gathered from the aspect of the room on Wednesday morning, which displayed one of the most crowded audiences we remember to have seen. Of all the concerts without an orchestra, this was unquestionably the best of the season. Nearly all the first executive talent now available was there, and the programme consisted wholly either of such music as all the world consents to pronounce classical, or the composition of such native artists as strive after right for right's sake. We have not space to notice all the items of the performance, and, therefore, stop only at particular features. And of these, one grand example was certainly the No. 9 of Beethoven's

Razoumofsky quartets, executed by MM. Sainton, Sivori, Hill, and Rousselot. Nothing need here be said of the sublimity, almost unparalleled, of this composition; scarcely anything of the towering skill with which its labyrinth of difficulties was unravelled by the four great artists to whom it was committed. Another very prominent attraction was the performance of Madame Pleyel, who played the duet-sonatas in C minor, and F of Beethoven—the first with Sivori, the second with Vieuxtemps. The remaining grand feature of the instrumental selection, was the concerto of Sebastian Bach, for pianoforte, with two *obligato* flutes, magnificently executed by Moscheles, amidst salvos of applause, and—thanks to the good taste of a London concert-room—with an *encore* for the last movement. The vocalists were, Madame Thillon, Misses A. and M. Williams, Dolby and Bassano, and Madame Macfarren. But neither of them nor of the music entrusted to them have we space for further mention—save of the last named lady, who having as yet earned fewer laurels than her sister-vocalists, can less afford to pardon our unintentional slight. Madame Macfarren sang one of the most beautiful of her husband's songs, "Ah! non lasciarmi!"—(and beautiful enough it is for anybody), with the feeling of a thorough artist. Her voice is what may technically be called "tender,"—it will scarcely bear the pressure necessary for a large concert-room; but her enunciation is energetic to a marvel, and her musical delivery is full of fire and passion.—Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper officiated as conductors.

There are several other warm testimonials in our favor, from members of the weekly press—but we have cited enough for our purpose.

### The Art of Vocalising.

By C. F. FURTADO.

(Continued from No. 28.)

A voice properly cultivated, naturally gains in equality and power and is much less liable (if the person be not constitutionally weak) to colds, hoarseness, &c.; nor do these evils then produce so great an effect upon the force of the voice, and rarely (except in cases of sore throat) incapacitate the singer from his duties at the theatre, &c.

In Italy, all the vocal students receive lessons in declamation from some eminent master of elocution. This is another powerful cause of their superiority; for, however weak the voice may be, by neatness in the attack of the consonants, a just intonation, purity in the pronunciation of the vowels, and firm accent upon the prosody of the words, with which the accented notes of the music should correspond—with these advantages the sense of the author will be clearly understood, and a greater effect produced, than by a fine voice, where nothing else is heard than a confused jumble of unintelligible sounds.

If attached to our schools of singing a Kemble or a Vandenhoff were employed to give lessons in elocution, this alone would produce an admirable improvement, and would be well worthy the consideration of those who hold high appointments.

An eminent actor must necessarily be a master of the art of production and modulation of tone in speech, and, therefore, an invaluable assistant in the study of recitative. England, so eminent for declamation and acting, would not then have to lament that her singers are, too generally, bad actors. In Italy, a master of ballet is engaged to instruct the young aspirants proper carriage and judicious action, because so much does the opera partake of pantomimic action, that it is material that this should not be neglected. Lastly, a master of fencing should be engaged, to prevent a hero drawing his sword and handling it like a toasting-fork.

Buffo singing is here uncultivated; baritones and basses seem to despise this important branch of operatic singing, as being beneath their attention; if a composer write a fine buffo part, it is given to an actor; all the male singers are sentimental lovers, tyrants, fiends, or toppers—but never brilliant comedians. Where are the Figaros, &c., of the English opera? Rovere, the Elliston of the Italian opera, (who may be induced to visit England,) is an unrivalled specimen of the buffo *nobile*. When the voices of vocalists are rendered, so far as possible, capable of declamation and feeling, then native composers will be duly appreciated—for, with the exception of the cultivation and formation of the voice, England possesses every other requisite to produce artists of the highest order. The English language is capable of illustrating every passion in the sublimest and tenderest diction, as a long line of illustrious poets fully prove. In intelligence, feeling, and dramatic talent, surely none can declare us to be wanting; glance over the glorious names which, during the last twenty years, have graced and honored the stage. In musical knowledge and judgment there is little deficiency, and in fine voices we abound; they only require the true school to render them rich, powerful, and flexible. The moral conduct of our nation, also, tends more to the preservation of the voice, than the laxity of some parts of the continent.

Let not the observation, that *climate* performs miracles, impose upon the mind; voice depends materially upon the health. *Native air*, to a robust person, is usually the best. What climate produces stronger men and more healthful women than England? The relative advantage the Italian vocalists possess may be compared to two pianists of fine feeling and good taste, each of which, being placed before an audience, has to play a concerto—the one upon an instrument in good order, the other upon one, many of the notes of which are weak, and the touch imperfect. Were masters truly honest, they would advise none to study but those who have natural qualifications to become good artists. Many a ruined student, after years of useless toil and expense, has awoke to a sense of his pecuniary losses, and the waste of many of the most precious years of his existence, which, had he been directed to some other profession, for which he was more qualified, would have placed him on the path of competency, instead of beggary. There are many pining and broken-hearted from having listened to the partial advice of injudicious friends, the promptings of vanity, and the foolish idea that the path of a vocalist is strewn with flowers—who, alas! in striving to clutch the rose, are but pierced most cruelly by the thorn. Great and intense study is required, strenuous application to the production of tones of every gradation, and the surmounting of natural defects. Solfege, daily and hourly, must be practised, and the same routine must be followed out for at least two years; then, during the third year of probation, it requires no common application, in addition to every day's study as before, to acquire a knowledge of declamation, action, cultivation of the mind by studying the best authors, and a thousand little practical experiences that are necessary before commencing the career with any prospect of ultimate distinction; nay, all this must be effected, even though the student may previously have acquired a knowledge of music. Let not students be too ardent in appearing before the public, though it is necessary, as soon as it is judicious, to do so. They should commence with an audience of friends, then at a concert of minor importance, in order to attain the necessary self-possession, the want of which may cause the greatest artists to fail. Another highly advantageous opportunity can be easily created, if students would unite for rehearsing (under a competent master) operas, and for practising duos, quartets, &c., so that at the approaching concerts, concerted music might be properly got up for the public. Most certainly concert-givers do themselves, the artists, and the public much injustice by permitting almost all the concerts to be performed without any rehearsal, and for this reason the concerted music is generally so indifferently performed. The public must not judge too hastily of a singer or a composer. Mayer said, "*none can judge of an opera or a vocalist less than thrice heard, and even then he is liable to error.*" In order that the voices of singers, when formed, should not be destroyed, it is of the highest importance that vocal and operatic composers should, previously to writing, study the vocal art in all its branches, viz., as to the different registers, extensions, timbre, and peculiar facilities that certain voices possess for certain effects. To understand the art of instrumentation, knowledge must be acquired of the compass, and upon what notes each instrument is capable of the greatest power; what notes are open, which closed, &c. Thus must a vocal composer not only study the extension of each voice, but its peculiar capabilities, and, above all, to write vocally, to aid declamation, to prevent the accented syllables of the *prosody* falling upon the unaccented notes of the music, not to continue long upon the extremities of the voice, to observe that cantabile passages lie upon that part of each voice the most suitable to its nature; if, for instance, the music be written either for a mezzo-soprano or a soprano, (though each *could* sing the songs,) the effect would be magnificent in the one, whilst it would be unattainable in the other, for, though each have nearly the same notes, the vibration, power, and flexibility, are widely diverse. The German and French operatic composers of the present day, (however meritorious their music may be,) from writing too high for the voice, and the operas themselves being at too great a length for the vocalists, have, at the Grand Opera at Paris, ruined all the voices of the principal artists, at an age when they should be in their greatest excellence.\* Italian composers too often trust to their knowledge of the voice and their genius for melody and much neglect the study of harmony and instrumentation. Their singers too much neglect the study of music; their excuse being that they are often raised from the labouring classes of society, and having fine voices, are thrust as early as possible upon the theatre, in order to gain a subsistence, which precludes the possibility of more study; but it is wonderful the progress they make in a comparatively short experience, because they procure on the onset a solid foundation in the production of the voice. I now bid adieu to my indulgent readers, and if I have awakened some to a sense of the qualifications necessary to form a vocalist, or incited others to strive in the good path, I shall feel proud

\* It is much to be lamented that the pitch of the orchestras of late years has gradually become sharper, this also tends materially to the ruin of voices, although it may give some brilliancy to the orchestra.



In having added this humble tribute to the art I love. At some future time I hope to resume my pen upon a more weighty task, viz. of the manner of forming the different voices, as far as they can be generally treated; and shall give illustrations from MS. exercises, solfeggios, &c., by many of the eminent masters, which were kindly presented to me. I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Mr. French Flowers, for his kind and patient investigation of my MS., his flattering introductory notice, and his gentlemanly reception of an artist to him previously unknown.

C. F. FURTADO.

### John Sebastian Bach.

(Continued from our last.)

THENCEFORWARD, no longer having any family, Sebastian, in company with one of his co-disciples, named Erdmann, who afterwards became imperial chargé-d'affaires at Dantzic, came to Lunebourg, and was received as first voice in the choirs of the school of St. Michael. His fine voice procured him great success in that city, but he lost it at the period of its break. This accident only increased his ardent passion for the organ. It was then that he went for the first time to Hamburgh, in order to be present at the improvisations of the celebrated organist, John Adam Reinken, and undertook the voyage to Celle in order to study the style of French music, the chapel of that city being almost entirely composed of French musicians. We are ignorant of the circumstances which brought him from Lunebourg to Weimar, but one thing is certain, namely, that in 1703 he was court-musician there. The following year he changed this place for that of organist at the new church of Arnstadt, no doubt in order to devote himself entirely to the study of the organ, which he could not do at Weimar, where he was engaged as violinist. The small revenues of his situation henceforth put him in a condition to procure for himself the works of the great masters of the period. Thus divided between the duties of his charge and his private labours, Sebastian was happy. In the morning he looked into his volumes of counterpoint, passed in review all that had been written on the fugue before his time, or read with love and contemplation some fine composition by Buxtehude; then he got up, brushed with great care his green coat, his only one, and went to his organ in the new church of Arnstadt. After theory came practice. After filling his head with science, the young scholar exercised his mind and fingers by the fatigues of improvisation. Shut up in his church, Sebastian began the sitting by some fugue of Fischer's or Böhm's; and often after this austere and difficult exercise, he felt the want of abandoning himself to his fancy, like a young eaglet to the caprice of his wings. At first his fingers ran for some time uncertainly over the keys; then they commenced an improvised theme, or variations on one of those sweet and simple airs, such as Frosch and Bänder used to sing in Auerbach's tavern at Leipzig. When the clock struck five, Sebastian got up and slowly traversed the town on his way back to his study. Sebastian's life flowed on with calmness and serenity; no passion had as yet troubled the transparency of this soul devoted to the cultivation of art. Every day he commenced with the dawn the double study of the organ and of counterpoint. Thus sprung up in the shade this young and healthy tree; thus Sebastian grew up in the purest quietude, the most profound obscurity, happy, although unknown to all; for he was never met on the public walks, and on Sunday, after mass, the crowd peaceably dispersed through every door without seeking to know what angel it was who had poured on them such torrents of celestial harmony. Thus, although the young organist of Arnstadt assiduously fulfilled the duties of his office, no one in the town had yet thought of

inquiring his name. Sebastian was quite unknown. But this obscurity had its charms; and if on the Sunday when walking from church he had not yet had the satisfaction of seeing these worthy Germans, moved by the powerful melodies of his organ, salute him with serenity, he was ignorant of the annoyance it is to a musician to be accosted by some importunate fool, who throws all manner of absurd praise in your teeth, and ends by inviting you to come in the evening and improvise on his daughter's piano. Moreover, Sebastian had had no difficulty in putting up with this solitude; he was not ignorant of what he had to do before he could attain his object; he knew that the seed would never flower if the soil in which it was sown did not exhaust itself to nourish it with its moisture. He would never have accused his century of ingratitude. Now it is otherwise; the first comer who blots canvass or paper calls himself at least an Albert Dürer or a Mozart; and if the world, which does not habitually attach itself to a school, because its good sense judges them all, it is not affected by all these wonders of sounds and colours, giving as a reason that it has a soul, and that none seem yet to have occupied themselves about it, poets and musicians retire, and these "dishevelled glories" pass their lives in moaning over ruins. Is there anything more ridiculous than these men, who make themselves a wreath with the laurels of their garden, and are irritated if their epoch does not consecrate it? Before accusing one's century of ingratitude, it is necessary to have done great things for it; and the first-comer has not a right to say to the passer-by, "Go, tell at Rome that thou hast seen Marius seated on ruins!" Amidst all the sacred composers of his time, the one whom John Sebastian admired most was Dieterich Buxtehude, organist at Lubeck. Sebastian especially admired the large style of this master, and had for a long while felt a strong desire to see him, and hear him play a whole Sunday. But how was he to manage? His salary was barely sufficient to exist upon, and the small sum of money he got from his family he had employed in procuring the books indispensable to his studies. Thus, for want of money, the journey was impossible; he was forced to resign himself, and every time the desire came, he sat down to his harpsichord and commenced a fugue. But, alas! the remedy frequently only irritated the suffering, for the piece he studied was generally by Buxtehude. Nevertheless, this great passion for travelling seemed a little calm; Sebastian appeared to have resigned himself, when one day, at the close of the service, an amateur, a member of the body of musicians of the town of Arnstadt, put into his hands a new fugue, with pedal obligato by Buxtehude, upon which he should be glad, he said, to have the opinion of a young man who gave such promise. Sebastian trembled with pleasure, and shut himself up in his room with his treasure. Two hours did not suffice for his labours; he had just ended the fugue for the sixth time, when he began it anew, and stopped a long while over a passage of which he no doubt sought to guess the style; for he executed it sometimes with impetuosity, sometimes with calmness and grandeur, but always shaking his head like a man in doubt, and who perceives that a thing is incomplete. He suddenly rose, shut his harpsichord, took up his hat, and went out. John Sebastian traversed the town, and, as if he had sought solitude to compose some new motet, he took the road to the Lubeck gate. A week afterwards, at high mass, when the priest gave the reply, the organ did not as usual raise up its voice. The inexactness was remarked, and the beadle hastened to the tribune in order to admonish the organist to be careful another time; but the beadle found the door shut, and the organist missing from his post. This news flew from mouth to mouth; and, in less than ten minutes, it

had made its way round the church and disturbed all the congregation. Three months had elapsed since the disappearance of John Sebastian, and the worthy citizens who had been so agitated the first day, had ended by contenting themselves, by way of religious music, with a few bass and falsetto voices, which harmonised more or less well. Gradually the people of Arnstadt, consoling themselves, took pity on the singers and choristers; they made an effort to assist them in their labours, and the music was soon powerful enough to fill worthily the church. But it was not without serious uneasiness that the inhabitants saw Easter approach, (for Easter was the festival of organs,) and on that day people arrived from all the surrounding country to hear them. On that day, from a very early hour in the morning, the church was full of women and children, of labourers and workmen, who came to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord. The neighbouring populations gave each other rendezvous on the market-place of Arnstadt, and during the Holy Week the roads were covered with caravans and processions, with men on horseback and men on foot, with pilgrims hastening in order to arrive soon enough to find beneath the dome a stone to kneel on, and with beggars who made strong efforts, of legs and crutches, to gain an hour on them, and thus be enabled to choose their places under the portal. Great perseverance, and, moreover, great talent had been required thus to attract the concourse of pilgrims. The life of one man had not sufficed to attain this result; and old John Bohm, after exhausting himself during fifty years at this difficult task, had, on his death-bed, elected his successor and left the sovereignty of organs to John Sebastian. The latter had worthily sustained the glory of the master who had preceded him; the new church of Arnstadt had become celebrated, and no organ dared to raise its voice when Sebastian's announced, by the sound of bells, that it was about to speak. The concourse of the faithful augmented yearly, and it seemed impossible that the dome could cover them all at the approaching festivals. On that point none had thought of troubling themselves; and Master Wilhelm Floh, the most joyous of the inn-keepers of the place, had said on the subject,—"The pious will have to say their prayers under the portal with the poor, the curious must come again another time; and, besides, if they find no places in the church, they will look for some in the inns, and that will be profitable to the city." Would to heaven the citizens of Arnstadt had had no other care! But, alas! the Sundays succeeded each other rapidly, and the organ remained dumb. From the first, they had written to all the organists of Germany, and every day they received a letter in which it was said that Froberger, Caspar Kerl, Paschelbel, or some other, would have felt great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the citizens of Arnstadt, but that day of the Resurrection was too solemn a festival for a man to abandon his post or confide it to an inexperienced pupil. The evening of the day preceding Easter Sunday, the notables were assembled and conversed sadly about the morrow, when the beadle hastened in, bringing a letter addressed to the chapter. They all clustered around him, disputing for the precious missive, which the oldest and most erudite man of the assembly was commissioned to read aloud. A profound silence ensued; Master Sebald arose, and with the help of his spectacles, and the beadle who held the lamp for him, he read the following:

"Gentlemen of the Chapter of the City of Arnstadt,—The spontaneous appeal you make to me is the most agreeable recompense I have yet derived from my grave studies, and I shall never cease to glorify myself as having been preferred by you to all my brethren, the organists of Germany. Although I consider myself unworthy of so much honour, I should have been happy to come to you at once, and to celebrate the paschal solemnities in the midst of your family; but, alas! my engage-

ments with the town of Lubeck are sacred. Seeing that it was impossible for me to accede to your request, directly I received your letter I hastened to a young organist to whom I have given advice for the last three months, in order to beg him to fill in your church the honourable place which you destined for me; but it seems as if the Lord wished to deprive me of every means of proving my gratitude. The young man was gone, and no one could tell me which road he had taken. You will think this conduct strange, you who do not know the mysterious character of the scholar of whom I speak. He arrived one day, with dusty feet and a traveller's staff in his hand. He sat down to the organ, and the sounds he drew from it entranced me. We have worked together for three months. Last night he departed without saying a word of it to me. He was here laborious, chaste, benevolent, and of evangelical modesty. If he is an angel, may God send him to you. I wish it with all my soul.—DIETERICH BUXTEHUDE, Organist of the Church of St. Mary at Lubeck."

A great clamour then arose, each one wanted to assure himself of what he had just heard, and it was not without difficulty that Master Sebald succeeded in escaping from the group which surrounded him, and thus getting rid of all the discussions which followed the second reading of the letter. At last the sun rose, the black veil was rent, and all the bells of Arnstadt rung in a way to render envious their cousins, who formerly made the cup fall from the hands of Doctor Faust. In the streets were seen fine ladies and workmen, young girls and old men, all confounded together without distinction of rank or age, their missals in their hands going to church. From seven o'clock all the churches were full; two especially, so that the crowd overflowed into the middle of the market-place. These were the churches of the Holy Virgins, and the new church; the one frequented for its silver shrines, its painted windows, and its old walls covered with archangels and saints, the other only for its organ and its John Sebastian. Ancient Germany seemed to have awakened with its profound faith, its simple belief, and to revive at this moment in the persons of those worthy citizens of Arnstadt, and especially in those of their daughters. It was a sentiment of joy and love which had united this crown in the church, and yet all did not appear equally happy. By the side of the most serene countenances were sad ones, as in things of this world where what makes the happiness of one, makes the misery of another. By the side of a handsome, fresh, and rosy girl, who rejoiced in the preparations of the festival, another sadly drooped, like a flower in the shade; yet it was Easter, and on that day sunshine is all over the church. The bells ceased ringing, the priest knelt down at the foot of the altar, and suddenly the organ sounded spontaneously. If the virgins and seraphims, descending by miracle from their stone niches, had come in procession to take part in the celestial praises, the inhabitants of Arnstadt would not have been more bewildered than they were when this organ, which had been silent as a tomb during three months, woke up its glorious chords. The astonishment was general. The priest who recited at the altar turned his head to see whence this harmony proceeded, and the choristers were twice wrong in their responses. The organ continued unmoved; it played for the gradual, it played for the offertory, it played for the elevation. Never had divine service been more august and magnificent. The large crucifixes of gold and silver, as well as the torches and the eyes of the young girls, shone through a mystic mist of harmony and incense. "What earthly musician could ever attain that magnificence!" exclaimed Master Sebald, in the ecstasy into which he was plunged by a *largo* triumphantly executed. "It is an angel who is up there in the organ-loft!" said little Gretchen to her neighbour; the Virgin would not allow the good town of Arnstadt to grieve for its organ on so great a festival! But the congregation was far from unanimous on the nature of the mysterious organist, and here is what the German historian says on the subject. I quote his words:



"As I wished, according to my habit, to make some use of all the suppositions which this unexpected music would give rise to among the faithful, I slid into the crowd; I made the circuit of the church, collecting the words that fell from every mouth. Every one invented his or her legend; and all these flowers exhaled an equal perfume of mysticism, which carried you to the midst of a garden of a cloister during the middle ages. The elevation was rung, I shut my eyes to listen with more attention to a celestial prelude, a melody so fresh and pure, that it was in perfect accordance with the great mystery which was being accomplished at the altar. When the choristers' bell and the movement of the whole church aroused me from this divine slumber, I saw by my side Martin Wiprecht, a musician of the town; he was in tears, and sighed deeply. 'What is the matter, Master Martin? What makes you sob thus on Easter-day?' 'And makes you, my friend, unmoved at this music, which would make marble weep? Did you not hear the melody which exhaled itself during the elevation? I thought at first, like my neighbours, that it was angels singing; but, alas!—' The poor man sighed again, and said, a few minutes after, 'Ah, sir! the six last bars have overwhelmed me with grief, for in them I recognised the subject of a piece which I lent six months ago to that unhappy Sebastian. He has no doubt died of hunger, and it can only be his soul which is making all this harmony vibrate!'"

(To be continued.)

### Madame Pleyel.

(From the "Iberia Musical.")

Esta llamando mucho la atención general, una linda y ya célebre pianista M<sup>me</sup>. Pleyel, que forma el encanto y delicia de todas las sociedades en que se presenta. Hermosa figura, ojos rasgados y negros, mano blanquísima y linda.... es un talsman para la juventud, que á todas partes la sigue fascinada por esta nueva divinidad pianista. Así como en todas las poblaciones de Europa, en Londres ha sido acogida M<sup>me</sup>. Pleyel con un fanatismo sin igual. En el gran concierto que ha dado en *Hanover Square Rooms*, ha logrado reunir mayor concurrencia que en los otros, de modo que todas las habitaciones estaban atestadas de gente. La reputación de esta admirable pianista es general en Inglaterra, y mucho el interés que vá escitando entre los DILECTANTI, que á pesar de la estación, no quisieron abandonar el salón hasta el fin del concierto.

### Dramatic Intelligence.

**FRENCH PLAYS—MADemoiselle RACHAEL.**—We have been so long accustomed to hear French tragedy condemned as "pretentious, crabbed and confined,"—we have had our ears dinned by critics who, having got hold of a scent right or wrong, persist in following it out; and because their fathers hated French tragedy, consider themselves bound in honour to hold the same opinion—that we, finding ourselves in so small a minority, had begun to waver in our opinions, when Madlle. Rachael has come to the rescue and we have regained in one moment against our adversaries all the ground which we had previously lost in the struggle. We own the soft impeachment; we are classical, strictly classical in our taste as regards tragedy, and that which approaches nearest to the idols of our younger days and the delight of our more advanced years, commands, and ever will command, our respect and admiration. We love tragedy, pure and unique, with no mixture of broad jokes, and jibes, and witticisms, no human nature, for tragedy is not human nature, tragedy is eminently æsthetic, it is art applied to

nature, in short, the perfection of nature. Now, we do not pretend to condemn any other species of composition, for such is not tragedy, or if it be, it is not the tragedy of Sophocles and Euripides. We have read these our favourite authors again and again, and had often wished to see them on the stage, in order to have some idea of the effect produced of the points which the actors would make, and how were we gratified when we heard that a faithful translation of the *Antigone* had been made, choruses and all, and was being produced in Germany. It was played in Paris, and finally in London. We rushed to the theatre and never were we so gratified: we discovered beauties which had before escaped us, and every fresh visit added to our enjoyment. Nor were we alone in this respect, many "who went to scoff, remained to weep;" but ours were tears of joy, and love and gratitude—we saw realised the dream of our youth. Was this nature? No. Was this the portraiture of the common; vulgar, every-day passion? No, no! Such would have excited very different feelings: it was the continuous working out of strong emotions, combined in one whole, and wound up at the close by the hand of genius to a pitch of horror, suffering, and awe, which struck the spectator with astonishment and dismay. Now, we do not pretend that the tragedies of either Corneille or Racine are Greek, the former in his first and best compositions never attempted it: witness his *Cid*, an imitation of the Spanish drama, and his "HORACE," which is much on the same model—albeit, the subject is ancient. Racine avows his partiality and imitation of them: how far he has done so we shall endeavour to show in speaking of his *Phédre*. Yet we pretend to write the apology of French tragedy as far as our columns will allow, point out its faults honestly, as regards the tragedies under our present notice, and redeem it from the obloquy which ignorance and presumption have cast upon it. The most violent adversaries will scarcely find fault with the plot of the *Horace*; it is full of interest from the moment of the opening scene; the action goes on increasing in interest up to the fourth act, which terminates in the death of Camille: the fifth act was very properly left out. How delicately and vigorously are the different passions here assembled by the poet delineated and expressed, and how minute and accurate an interpreter they have found in Mademoiselle Rachael may be easily conceived, but cannot be conveyed by any description of ours. To enter into a detail of the piece, and point out the effects produced as they occur, would carry us much beyond the limits allowed us; we must therefore be content with directing the reader's attention to a few of the principal passages. On the faith of a soothsayer whom she has consulted, and who has assured her the threatened battle will not take place, her tranquillity of mind is, in a measure, restored; and on the confirmation of the news by Curiace, her lover, she exclaims:

O dieux, que ce discours rend mon âme contente!

The joy, placid and sincere, depicted on her countenance, the mute expression of gratitude to the gods expressed by her clasped hands and uplifted eyes, produced a sensation so much the greater that it found no outlet in clamorous applause; but ran like a gentle murmur of satisfaction and delight throughout the audience. But this satisfaction of Camille's is not of long duration; the news arrives that the battle is to be decided by three champions chosen on either side, and, in an interview with her lover, she employs all the artifice and reasoning of an affectionate heart to dissuade her Curiace from accepting the honor conferred upon him, in these words:

Irás-tu, Curiace? et ce funeste honneur  
Te plait-il au dépens de tout notre bonheur?

And again :

Non, je te connais mieux, tu veux que je te prie,  
Et qu' ainsi mon pouvoir l'excuse a la patrie.

But this lover is inflexible, even she cannot bend him from his purpose: in vain her sister comes to her help—in vain a slight gleam of hope raises her sinking spirits when she utters, "Courage, ils s'amolissent." The die is cast, the father of the Heratü appears, the impersonation of the old stoical Roman virtue, so admirably embodied by Corneille, and at his sight all murmurs cease: the voice of honour and glory is alone heard. And now we have the triumph of Madlle. Rachael in her perpetual fears for her brothers and her lover during the third act. There is no room for violent gestures and impassioned appeals: her grief is concentrated and silent: whichever party succumbs her lot is misery and despair, and when the tidings of the death of her two brothers arrive, her grief finds vent in one single exclamation full of meaning and expression—"O mes frères!" But when, in the fourth act, the tactics of the surviving brother have succeeded in securing the supremacy of Rome, when in the triumphing Horace she sees the murderer of her lover, the flood-gates of her agony and grief are opened, and she exclaims—"O mon cher Curiaque!" This was given with an intensity of feeling which ran like a thrill of horror and despair through the audience; and when excited by her brother's reproaches she exclaims—

Donne, moi donc, barbare, un cœur comme le tien;  
Et, si tu veux enfin que je t'ouvre mon âme,  
Rends moi mon Curiaque, ou laisse agir ma flamme  
Ma joie et mes douleurs dépendaient de son sort;  
Je l'adorais vivant et je le pleure mort.  
Ne cherche plus ta soeur où tu l'avais laissée;  
Tu ne revois en moi qu'une amante offensée,  
Qui, comme une furie attachée à tes pas  
Te veut incessamment reprocher son trepas, &c. &c.

The beauty of the language—and we beg to enquire where is the mawkishness imputed to French tragedy to be found in such verses as these?—the energy and violence of the actress, the succeeding malediction against Rome, were thrillingly powerful, and produced an effect never before witnessed within the walls of a theatre. Here the play ended, and a shower of bouquets, the unanimous cheering of the whole house, the waving of handkerchiefs, proved the satisfaction of the most numerous assembly we have seen this season at the French theatre. Honour to thee, O thou prototype of art and genius! Would that the father of the French scene could see his inspirations so worthily impersonated in thee, and nothing would be wanting to the crown of glory which already encircles thy pale and graceful brow! To speak of Madlle. Rachael is to chaunt forth a succession of praises which would tire our readers and expose us to continual repetition, for we avow our inability to find terms to express our feelings. On Wednesday we had an opportunity of witnessing her performance of *Phédre*, by Racine. We shall not here quarrel with the poet on the changes he has thought proper to introduce into the grand conception of Euripides by casting a slur on the character of Hippolytus, but proceed at once to point out the principal merits of a performance which was perfection throughout. In scene the third, *Phédre* reveals her passion for Hippolyte to Cénone before it has been despised by its object, the tones of the actress were full of tenderness and love, mingled with expressions of abhorrence and disgust at her own weakness and impiety. Her description of its origin from the first moment she saw Hippolyte, her love concealed under the mask of hatred, her struggles with the inveterate vengeance of *Vénus* directed against all the descendants of *Pasiphaë*, were admirably portrayed by Madlle. Rachael. When, on learning

the death of Theseus, she declares her passion to Hippolytus, the struggle in her breast between pride, love such as those of her race alone could feel, and shame, electrified the audience: and when she exclaimed in a transport of agony and remorse:

Ah! cruel! tu m'as trop tenté!  
Je t'en ai dit assez pour te tirer d'erreur.  
Hé bien! connois donc *Phédre* en toute sa fureur  
J'aime.

A cry of admiration marked the appreciation of the spectators, and proved the talent of the actress. Her accusation of Hippolytus we must pass over, as well as the whole of the third and fourth acts, and merely draw the attention of our readers to the fifth and sixth scenes of the fourth act in which her fury knows no bounds, on learning that Hippolytus loves another; no extract can give any idea of this, the principal part of the tragedy. We now pass to the last scene of all which ends this strange, eventful history *Phédre* confesses her crime, having previously taken poison, in vain she has struggled against the vengeance of the goddess of love, she says,

Non, Thésée, il faut rompre un injuste silence  
Il faut à votre fils rendre son innocence:  
Il n'était point coupable.

Writhing under the effects of the poison, she fully justifies the memory of the unfortunate youth and expires. Passion is now no more, her silent grief finds vent, and how admirably is all this expressed in the faint, hoarse tones of this inimitable actress, the purest and most perfect representative of classical art. Madlle. Martellcur and Mr. Raphael Felix also did their parts well, and elicited frequent marks of approbation.

J. DE C—E.

#### THE DIRECTING OF ORCHESTRAS REDUCEABLE TO THE ACTION OF MESMERISM.

By DR. JOHN LHOTSKY, Author of *Life of Mesmer*.

IN introducing this subject to the public, I have to guard myself from the supposition of being a blind and unconditional abettor of mesmerism. I am not, although a disciple of Dr. Wolforth, of Berlin, who was the last and most confidential receiver of the doctrine of *Mesmer*, from his own lips, I merely believe that there is a *psychic* power (superior to any mechanical, chemical, or dynamic) still ruled by the laws of matter. This is mesmerism. It must be admitted at once, that a person standing amongst a number of others (performing musicians) and eliciting, by the mere motions of a piece of wood or roll of paper, tones so immensely diversified (the manifestation of feelings) *at will*, is doing so by the action of laws not explained hitherto. Can any one believe, that if a clock-work was to be made (as it could easily) which would perform the very same motions of the *bâton* of the director, with every stop and variety of time, that the effect on the performer would be the same? No—never. We think even, that although a person entirely or half deaf might (as Beethoven did) direct an orchestra—a blind one never could, as the eye is a powerful agent and conductor of mesmeric agency. But we go still further in saying, that the influence of the leader is so subtle and etherial that it acts upon the performers, who (at one or other period) do not even see him. The orchestra, in the state of proper excitement, and under a proper director, becomes a homogeneous *psychic ensemble*, of which he is the leading principle. That, in fine, strange agencies and power are at play in the performance of the leadership, may be gathered from the great exhaustion which these persons are subject to, although their physical exertion



and activity is far less than that of, for instance, the players on the double bass. It is, in fine, the possession of *psychic* and mental *stamina* (if I may use this word), which alone will make a good and efficient leader—as we find that musicians, however learned or gifted, if devoid of that quality, will never shine in the above capacity. It is curious to find, moreover, that long before the *bâton* was used as a means of musical leadership, it was the means by which the military leaders directed their thousands and tens of thousands, and the representations of Marshals of France with that emblem in their hands, are very copious. Late experiments and observations brought before the Institute of France have proved to demonstration, that sound is *not*, as hitherto supposed, a mere vibration of air, but a real dynamic body, like light, electricity, &c. All that we have hitherto stated, may, therefore, convince the reader that the director of an orchestra is the *psychic* agent, who, by adequate motions of his *bâton*, often with the assistance of his left hand, excites or softens and modifies the equally *psychic* power of his band—with which, thereby, he puts himself into a real mesmeric rapport. By thus adding the province of music to that of the mesmeric sphere, we again wish to guard against ranging us amongst the crowd of those pretenders and charlatans who confound mesmerism with mesmeric *sleep*, of which it is only a subordinate part—a coalition, in fine, which ought not to be brought on but under very peculiar and urgent *medical exigencies*.

### American Criticism.

MR. TEMPLETON, the vocalist, in the midst of his success would seem to have run foul of American critical independence—one of the papers writes of him thus:

"A certain John Templeton, a native of Scotland, a singer by trade, a poet by words, a vocalist by profession, has, since arriving in this city, issued 'An Application to the Public.' Mr. Templeton continued to obtrude his affairs on the public notice, by the purchase of one or two columns per day in the *Herald*, until it has become important that a definition be given to his position in regard to certain individuals whom he has abused, and to that public to which he has appealed. In regard to Mr. Templeton himself and his personal difficulties, the public care nothing; nor should we now notice what has been called the 'Templeton Affair,' were it not that some misapprehension prevails in regard to this matter. A few words and a little common sense will solve the whole mystery. The public need not be informed that there are an innumerable swarm of candidates for their favor, in the shape of lecturers, actors, singers, musical performers, of all descriptions, and every variety of exhibitors and showmen. To succeed in their callings, these 'professors' must have beef, brandy, kid gloves, broadcloth, gas lights, and so on. We believe too that it is an established law and custom that all these things must be paid for. But beef and broadcloth, are not with these 'artists' and 'professors' classed among the necessities of their business. Generally speaking the first requisite—their chief stock in trade is the notice of the press. The manner in which many (not all) of those who live by having 'the honor to announce to the public' their business is exemplified in the course of Templeton. Years before he came to this city, he was in correspondence with Mr. Clirehugh—not a to where he may get his beef and brandy in this city—or what concert room he may obtain—these are trifles; but as to what notices he may get in the newspapers. His biography must be written, the 'notices' of the Scotch and English press must be sent over and copied here; and after his arrival, reporters and editors must be induced to attend his concerts and write 'favourable notices.' Without this aid of the press, Mr. Templeton's kid gloves and gas-lights would be useless. Since, then, Mr. Templeton pays for his room, lights, door-keepers, &c., things of minor importance—ought he not to pay for the chief necessities of his trade, the written notices for the press? Persons not connected with the press have no knowledge of the extent to which editors and reporters are annoyed by these 'artists and professors'—of the extent to which their time and labor are spent in the service of such men, without reward. It is the duty of members of the press, and of all who live by their labor to exact payment for services rendered to any of these itinerant exhibitors of their genius. Mr. Templeton will not find any of our hotels to furnish him beef and brandy,

gratis; why, then, should he refuse to reward Mr. MacLachlan for furnishing him with that which cost Mr. MacLachlan money, and which was of the greatest benefit to Mr. Templeton? Mr. MacLachlan, it appears, formerly in Great Britain, rendered very efficient aid to Mr. Templeton, and very unwisely, as we believe, rendered this aid without price. Afterwards being in need, he applies to Templeton simply for a small loan, and Templeton not only refuses it, but publishes the letter in the *Herald*, and charges his former benefactor with attempting to levy black mail.—An editor is bound to promote the interest of his paper, and serve the wants of his readers. When he steps one inch beyond this, and attempts to promote the interest of an individual, it is his duty to demand some compensation as for writing an advertisement, and the publisher should also receive pay for inserting the same. Either editor or publisher who would do otherwise we would deem a fool. In regard to Mr. Clirehugh the case is simply this: Mr. Templeton engaged him to render services far more important than those of the keepers of concert rooms and hotels. Templeton has paid for the one but refuses to pay for the other. Is it for such a man—a man who not only refuses to pay Mr. MacLachlan and Clirehugh for their labor, but who cruelly drags these men from their privacy before the public to meet the false charge of black mail, and attempts to extort money—is it for such a man to ask the New York public to add more to his ill-gotten gains? As to the part the *Herald* plays in this transaction, we have nothing more to say. If Mr. Bennett chooses to sell Templeton a column or so of the *Herald* per day, it is a private business transaction that concerns not us."

This is a pretty confession indeed! The following is an exemplification of its earnestness:

"Mr. Templeton gives his first concert, since his return from the South, at the Tabernacle, this evening. From what we have seen and heard, we apprehend that it will not pass off quietly, there existing a very excited state of feeling, on the part of several of the friends of those whom Mr. Templeton has treated somewhat cavalierly.—The organ used by Mr. Templeton, for the publication of his friends' private letters, and other no very clean work, in all this affair, threatens the 'arrest,' this evening, of any one who manifests the 'slightest' disposition to disturb the concert, and moreover, declares that such a one will be 'lodged in the watch house;' and we learn from another paper, that 'the Chief of Police has detained twenty men to preserve the peace,' upon the occasion. Disposed as we have been, from the first, and still are, to have the peace preserved at Mr. Templeton's concert, we must yet question whether an audience can be restrained by the Chief of Police from such expression of their likes and dislikes as it may seem proper to them to make. As long as the audience sit in their seats, and lay no violent hands on other people's property or person, but, in the usual way, exercise the privilege of applauding, or the reverse, we doubt whether it be competent for the police to interfere with any such exercise of their prerogative."

We manage these things better in England.

### Provincial.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The new pedal organ, recently erected by Gray and Davison, of London, for the parish church of Upton, was opened on Sunday, the 28th ultimo, by Mr. George Hay, the organist of the Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton. After a most effective and appropriate sermon, preached by the vicar, the Rev. Clement Broughton, collections were made, and the sum collected was sufficient to cover every expense connected with the erection and opening of the organ, above the sum already subscribed. The choir was composed chiefly of the members of the Tutbury Choral Society, who performed a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven with great effect. Much praise is due to those gentlemen forming the committee, who were instrumental in raising the necessary funds for the erection of this fine instrument, and to the churchwardens in particular.

### Miscellaneous.

THE MUSICAL WORLD CONCERT.—There has never been a greater number of concerts given than during the present season; most of them so much alike, and generally so mediocre, that we have noticed only few of them. The "Musical World Concert" reflects great credit on the editor of the *Musical World*, and a more classical programme could hardly have been selected. Sebastian Bach's pianoforte concerto was performed to perfection by one who is an ornament to his profession, and who, we regret to say, intends leaving us to return to his fatherland—we allude to Mr. Moscheles.

We are gratified to state that whenever this admirable musician and sterling artist performs this noble work, the public unanimously encore the last movement; nor did it escape repetition on this occasion. If pianists would take the trouble and could feel the beauty of Bach's compositions as Mr. Moscheles does, then would the immortal composer find votaries enow to crush the milk-and-water passages of unfinished composers for the instrument. Some weeks back, on her *début*, we spoke in the highest terms of Madame Pleyel. We knew well that her natural and refined feeling for music would be conspicuous when performing works which most appealed to reason and true taste. This opinion was verified by her performance of Beethoven's sonatas, in C minor and F, with the celebrated violinists Sivori and Vieuxtemps, for the pianoforte and violin. The scherzo in the F sonata was justly encored, and both sonatas were exquisitely interpreted by this fascinating artist, whose classical reading of these fine compositions is not to be surpassed by any living performer. Madame Pleyel also executed a work of Kalkbrenner's in the finest style. Nor can we pass over the charming singing of Miss Dolby, who, in the lovely recitative and aria, "Resta, O cara" of Mozart, enchanted the audience, and, long as it was, only just escaped an encore. This excellent and interesting vocalist sang also a romance of Mr. J. W. Davison, "Swifter far than summer's flight," which was repeated with still greater effect. Having noticed the greatest novelties and what most peculiarly delighted us, although everything done deserved attention, we conclude by stating, that the room was crowded with fashionable company.—*Literary Gazette*.

MADAME PLEYEL.—(*Morning Post*, Friday, July 17th.) This celebrated pianist left England by the Ramsgate boat, yesterday morning, for Ostend, on her way to Brussels. The reception of Madame Pleyel in this country has more than realised her great popularity on the continent. Both as an exponent of the brilliant characteristics of the modern romantic school, and as an interpreter of the profounder beauties of the great classical masters, the fair artist has asserted her supremacy triumphantly, and her efforts have been zealously and unanimously appreciated by the musicians and amateurs who compose the London audiences, so much respected and so much dreaded by foreign celebrities.

MADAME PERSIANI is engaged for two years by the impresario of the opera at Madrid.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The spirited manager of the Queen's Theatre has engaged Carlotta Grisi for three nights; she commences her engagement this evening, when, we doubt not, there will be a crowded house. Her style of dancing is of the highest order—light, bounding, full of the most beautiful attitudes, with a spiritual vivacity that is yet clothed in the most graceful refinement. She has made an advance upon the sympathies of the public, perhaps more rapidly than any *artiste* of the day, and is fully able to fill the place which Taglioni has left vacant.—*Manchester Courier*.

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE, composer of the successful opera of *Maritana*, has left London for the country, where he will remain three months, which he will devote to the composition of his new opera for Drury Lane Theatre. The libretto is by Mr. Bunn and M. de St. Georges, and the opera from which great things are anticipated, will be produced early in the season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The return of Taglioni brought an immense crowd to Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday. Taglioni performed in the *Gitana*, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm, a storm of plaudits and a shower of bouquets rewarding her performances. The *Barbieri*, a portion of *Lalla Rookh*, with Cerito—a portion of *La Sonnambula*,

with Castellan—and a portion of *Catarina*, with Lucile Grahn, completed the entertainments. There is some talk of an engagement of twelve nights with Carlotta Grisi, and a revival of the *pas de quatre*; this would be a politic step on the part of the management. Report says that Mr. Lumley has purchased for England the right of performing the much talked of new opera of Rossini.

DRURY LANE.—The Brussels Company have begun successfully, with two performances of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, on Wednesday and Friday. The *Postillon de Lonjumeau* and *Le Rossignol* are announced for to-night. The celebrated barytone, M. Massol, played yesterday the part of Nevers, in the *Huguenots*. He was received with enthusiasm; but we trust to see him shortly in one of his popular characters, such a one as the Comte de Nevers being unworthy his brilliant talents. We shall devote our leading article next week to the performance of this excellent company.

HAYMARKET.—The fascinating Anna Thillon has created quite a *furor* by her singing and acting in Mr. Webster's clever version of the *Eau Merveilleuse* of Grisar. We shall notice the operetta at length in our next.

MRS. BISHOP, the celebrated vocalist, is positively engaged by Mr. Bunn, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and will appear at the beginning of the ensuing season, in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, in which she will personate Malibran's celebrated character.

TRAGEDY.—As it was anciently composed, tragedy has been ever held the gravest, most moral, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to cleanse the mind of those and such like passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to a just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well indicated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his exertion; for so in physic, things of a melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers, and other grave writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, (1 Corinthians xv., v. 33), and Paræus, commenting on the revelations, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Formerly men of the highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour, Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is, by some, thought the author of those tragedies, (at least the best of them), that go under that name. Gregory Nazlanzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ Suffering*.—*Lord Bacon*.

MOLOQUE states in a letter from Stuttgart, dated 9th July, that he purposes visiting London with his daughter (a clever pianist) early next season. His last (4th) set of six songs, the poetry translated by Leopold Wray, Esq., are now publishing by Messrs. Wessel and Co.

HENRI HERZ.—This distinguished pianist and celebrated composer intends visiting America in the autumn. He will start on the 25th of September from Liverpool, and will make a tour of the United States. We cannot doubt but that Brother Jonathan will appreciate the original and brilliant talents of this admirable musician.



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Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places and Private Boxes may be secured on application to Mr. Reilly at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 5.—Private Boxes also at Mr. Mitchell's and Mr. Sams' Libraries; and at M. JULLIEN and Co.'s Musical Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

The Sherbet Carara Water &c., will be kept in Wenham Lake Ice. Coffee Tea, and Ice Creams will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock Supper will be served.

Mr. J. NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons, will not be admitted.

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